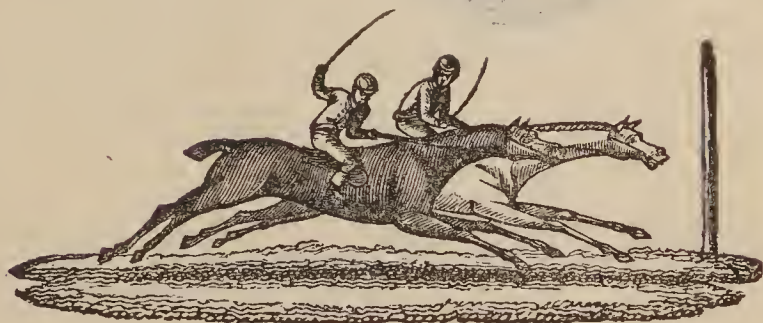


TIPTREE RACES:

A COMIC PUNNING POEM.

BY "C. C." GREAT TOTHAM, ESSEX.



"Punning is a talent which no man affects to despise, but he who is without it."—SWIFT.

Maldon:

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CLARK, C.

c

TIPTREE RACES.

Tiptree! the egregious conduct of the bards
Much them disgraces:
Of the whole *race*, not one has ever sung
Of thy famed *Races*!

I'll let Hood sing of Epsom,—but it seems
That he will not;*
And will a *Briton* that's inclined let rhyme
About *A-scot*!

* In the "Literary Gazette" of July 17, 1830, (page 465,) and again on the cover of the illustrated edition of the poetical tale of "EUGENE ARAM," published about a year subsequent, appears the following announcement from T. Hood, Esq., author of "Whims and Oddities," "The Epping Hunt," &c., &c.:—"Many persons having expressed a desire that the 'EPPING HUNT' should have a companion, the author immediately expressed his readiness to comply with the wish, as soon as he could provide himself with a suitable subject. In consequence, numerous hints, recommendations, and applications, have been forwarded to him from all quarters—the proprietors of sundry wakes and revels preferring very urgent requests in behalf of their own sports. Above all, the inhabitants of Epsom made such a grand stand for the Epsom Races, that he was induced to take his course to theirs. The result has been satis-

And if *New-market* was to me well *known*,
 Which I can't say,
 I still to *Tiptree* should be *egged* to
 Inscribe a *lay* !

But though I may dare to in-scribe a *lay*, 'tis
 Not *fair*, - *I see*,
 For *Tip-tree* Races in the *highest* strain,
 Sure, sung should be !

That I shall not so sing of them appears
 To be more plain
 Than 'tis by any horse to see that *hares*
 Are in the *main* !

factory. Instructed by the gentlemen of the betting-ring how to 'make up a book,' he is preparing a little volume, to be called 'EPSOM RACES,' illustrative of the yearly festival on those celebrated Downs. It will be accompanied, as usual, by various appropriate designs, or, to speak in turf language, with several 'PLATES FOR ALL AGES.' Due notice of the time of starting will be given by public advertisement; and to avoid any thing OXALIC, be sure to ask for Hood's EPSOM."

Strange as it may appear, although upwards of two years have elapsed since the above announcement appeared, and several other works have been sent forth by Mr. Hood, we have not, as yet, heard anything more about his "Epsom Races." But (as Blackwood has it)

"Impugn I dare not him,
 For I'm of *pun-y* brood ;
 And he would *pun-ish* me
 With *pun-gent* hardy-*Hood* !"

The one to blame, you know, who does his best
 Is very hard;
 But there are *Poets* that from singing will
 Not be de-*barr'd*!

That these my rhymes on Tiptree will be hail'd
 I fancy may;
 'Twill serve to make me more *composed* while I
Compose my lay!

In it if you should find a *skit* or two,
 Ye people British,
 I trust you'll pardon it, for my Pegasus
 Is very *skittish*!

But hold—I shall, if thus I still drawl on,
 Tedious seem;
 I'll spur, then, my Pe-*gas-us*, and go on
 As if by *steam*!

Byron said he began at the beginning—
 So I'll begin:—
 Of Tiptree Races, then, though 'tis *rum*, unknown's
 The *ori-gin*!

Old, young, rich, poor—all, all went to the Races
 They loved to see ;
 And many a lass wood “*twig*” the beaux as they
 Went to Tip-tree !

For miles around the Races stood most high
 In estimation,—
 Were held so *dear*, they caused to business a
 Complete *stag*-nation !

Oh! beings strange there are, it seems, to be
 Found in some places :
 It has been tried, a-*side*, to put an *end*
 To Tiptree Races !

Yes, in schemes to injure Tiptree Races many
 Have had a hand in ;
 But still they flourish, with some little *falling*
 Off,—notwith-*standing* !

To try to rob us of our fun on them it
 A slur must bè, sure ;
 For those who’d rob men of their *pleasure* there
 Can be no *plea*, sure !

Such fell attempts do, in my estimation,
 Rank next to crimes :
 We've lost too many of the *pastimes* of
 The good *past times*!

Capricious Fate, to smile on Tiptree Races
 I've oft besought her ;
 Oh ! that some plan in their be-*half* would spring
 Up from each *quarter*!

Ye neighb'ring 'squires, your lethargy to you
 Sure a disgrace is ;
 Why don't you heed, as well as state af-*fairs*,
 The state of *Races*!

Oft, when of late years I've at Tiptree been,
 The thought's been mine,
 That the *consumption* there could be but small,
 Which shows *decline*!

May I be able soon to say that such
 Not now the case is ;
 May those be found who will promote the wel-
fare of the *Races*!

This hope my present fears about old Tiptree
 Does somewhat soothe ;
 What if the *course* is rather *rough*—'tis but
 Like love's—not *smooth* !

And there's a thought which on my mind itself
 Most strongly forces :—
 Some who the *course* “run down,” pursue quite as
 Irreg'lar *courses* !

Famed Coggeshall ! of thy great Races we
 Now hear enough ; [like
 Thy plough'd-field *course*, of *course*, is fine—not
 Poor Tiptree's—*rough* !

Though I for *Cog*-geshall's famed Races must
 Some interest feel,
 Yet, 'tis of Tiptree that I must care most
 About the *weal* !

None, sure, will boast of Coggeshall's Race-course
 Of its smooth sod ;
 Then that it is preferred to Tiptree's seems
Even most *odd* !

Though “Coxall” Races may of late have been
 Somewhat renown’d,
 The *whole* again, with such a *course*, soon must
 Fall to the *ground*!

“Coxall!” on your attention a suggestion
 I would enforce :—
 Ere your next *Races*, see if there’s not near
 Some water-*course*!

But hold—connected with old Tiptree Races,
 I know a *Tale* :
 I’ll give the *heads*—for to please ev’ry-*body*
 It cannot fail!

Perhaps, it ne’er would tire, e’en if you did
 It ev’ry day see ;
 For, while it is in “*fairy* fiction dress’d,”
 It is so *racy*!

Once, then, there dwelt not far from Tiptree *Heath*,
 Though seldom seen,
 A maid that had, ’tis said, no *common* charms—
 One *Mary Green*!

To be the flower of all the maids around
 Folks did declare her ;
 But if she'd not been *fair*, *Pharaoh's fair* wife,
 Sure, was not *Pharaoh* !

A *fair* more *fair* than Mary, Tiptree *Races*
 Never did show ; [beauty
 Strange then's the fact—while in her “ teens,” this
 She'd *not* a *beau* !

But I to think the fault didn't rest with her
 Inclined am rather,—
 For she'd on some occasions wish her *mother*
 A little *farther* !

The grave old lady, would that fair Mary had
 From view oft miss'd her !
 For in some instances, 'tis known, a *mother*
 Is not a-*sister* !

To check the course of each swain's love for Mary
 She seem'd inclined :
 Strange that we ever should see aught that's *cross*
 In woman-*kind* !

It was in vain ;—to check love's course say what
Can mothers do ?

Mary resolved, as other girls beaux *won*,
To have one, too!

Some people's daughters, 'cause not pretty, ne'er
Taste Hymen's blisses :

Like guns, when foul, they won't "go *off*,"—oh ! I
Should hate such *Misses!*

But none could think it would be thus with Mary,
Save the insane ;

She was so pretty, as by all the fellows
Seem'd *pretty plain!*

Oh, her bright eyes!—who could behold and not
Feel love arise ?

For women charm, as every-*body knows*,
Much by their *eyes!*

When them you meet, ye single men, for you
I have my fears; [must
For while the "Dears" have such an *eye*, man
Have soft *i-deas!*

Oh, naughty sluts! to do as did old Noah
 They seem inclined;
 That is, you know, take every creature "*in*"
 Of every kind!

But, gentle ladies, I trust you'll not take this
 As an aspersion;
 I'm not the *ass* who with *ass*-urance makes
 A bold *ass*-ertion!

Reader! for these digressions your indulgence
 I do implore:
 I'm such a rambling *dog* I can't for-bear,
 If dubb'd a *bore*!

Now to my tale.—John Day and Mary Green,
 They lived hard by;
 And by hard work lived John, as all folks *near*
 Could not de-ny!

Each morn, ere Phœbus gilded bright the east,
 His calls began:
 'Tis strange, but John, though never wedded, was
 A *husband*-man!

Ah ! few the fate of poor John Day to pity
 Were ever led,
 Though he'd to toil each *week* till *night* to get
 His “ *Day*-ly bread !”

John now resolved he'd not about a wife
 Much longer dally ;
 And often he with *Mary* Green would have
 A little *Sally* !

And where she dwelt, when had time, he was
 Now mostly there,
 And seem'd to be, e'en when too soon, “ a *Day*
 After the *fair* !”

“ My dearest girl !” exclaimed he once when *Mary*
 He'd come to woo,
 “ The *one* who's lost his heart, oh ! could he say
 He's *won one*, too !”

But ah, poor John ! to *Mary*'s taste he seem'd
 To be not quite :
Green thought he was, to *suit her* for a *suitor*,
 Too *black a wight* !

Yes, John had faults—*one* was that he was *too*
 Much of a sot,—
 And Mary knew all bliss with such com-*pan*-ions
 E'er went “to *pot*!”

But then it was to cure his *ails* that made
 John drink much *beer*;
 He'd not so oft been found at the “White *Hart*”
 But for his “*dear*!”

Oh! hard's the task, when they objections urge
 To still a belle:
 A *word* for John avail'd not—Mary was
 No *silly belle*!

Who knows? perhaps with *Mrs. Malaprop*,
 She thought just then,*—
 For women know full well how to *man-œuvre*
 With loving *men*!

* MRS. MALAPROP (a very sage and amiable character in one of Sheridan's Comedies) in giving advice to her niece as to the conduct she should pursue to her would-be suitor, says, “It is always best, my dear, to begin with a little aversion.”

Soon she, howe'er, poor John seem'd more to favour,
 As oft the case is,
 And the *fair fair* with him agreed to go
 To Tiptree *Races* !

How pleased was John ! he had forgotten now
 All former crosses ;
 Thought he, “ At Tiptree I shall see with *Mare-y*
 The racing *horses* !”

The day arrived—the look'd-for twenty-fifth—
 It proved most fair ;— [were
 Yet, though it rain'd not, at Tiptree Heath there
 Some *showers* there !

That when the Races come St. Swithin *reigns*
 We must bewail it :
 For he so oft inclined seems “to *rain* over us,”
 And we can't *hail* it !

'Twas time to go—and long at Mary's house
 Arrived had John,
 And Gods ! so *pol-ish'd* up that *Mary* now
 Him must smile on !

A *flower* he'd put into the "*bran-new*" coa.

He look'd so smart in ;

The blacking, too, he'd used was *Warren*-ted

By Day and Martin !

While dressing, John, he'd had his *choler* raised,

Some did assert,

For he was forced to make a *shift* with an

Old dirty *shirt* !

And Mary, too, in dressing had employed

Some little art ;

But then none e'er of her dress could *com-plain*—

She e'er *went smart* !

'Twere strange, as people e'er their best clothes

At all such places, [wear

Were they not on the *twenty-fifth* brought forth

For Tiptree Races !

The pair, they now were *off*—and Mary *on*

Walk'd, full of glee,

Like many a maid who'd *leave* to go with her

Beau to *Tip-tree* !

But all the girls look'd pleased—e'en those alone,
 (Why, I'll disclose),
 Races and Archery Fêtes are where girls hope
 To *draw* the *beaux*!

As on the *road* *walk'd* John and Mary, some
 From their sight fled,—
 And many, though, like them, they were *a-foot*,
 Did get *a-head*!

Upon the road, when they got near the Heath,
 Oh, what a throng!
 And much inclined seem'd all *a-broad* *a-round*
 To go *a-long*!

Now John to stop and rest herself his Mary
 He'd oft besought her;
 She did at last—folks still were pouring *forth*
 From every *quarter*!

John Day, though he'd arrive before the horses
 Had tried their paces,
 Was now, while still after the *fair*, a *Day*
 After the *Races*!

All sorts of vehicles upon the road

Were to be seen ;

Some fill'd with personages so *fat*, the weight

Quite made them *lean* !

To draw the company to the Heath some hacks

Strain'd seem'd to be ;

No wonder, when it all was “ *drawn together*”

By only three !

Upon a late-fell'd tree not long the couple

Had rested there,

And ate an *apple* each, when up did come

A good old *pair* !

'Twas Joe King and his dame—they on the road

Some time had been ;

Although the dame last night had cut her *corn*,—

The *crops* were green !

To go to Tiptree, where so oft they'd been,

How could they fail,

E'en if corn-cutting to ease us up *a hill*

Did not *a-vail* !

Some stiles, too, to get over it dame King
 Had took awhile :

We, says great Aristotle, to the *subject*
 Should suit the *style* !

The dame, though Race-day, she had been so
 (Sweet wedded life is!) [tetchy
 That poor old King, with grief exclaim'd, " A
A-las! a wife is!" [plague

Yet not so oft as some Joe's dame him vex'd,
 That I must own ;
 For, though beneath the sun there's nothing *new*,
 There's something *known* !

Ah! 'tis too true, as many a husband knows,
 What I am stating :
 Strange that those whom we *style* " the fair"
 So arro-gate-ing! [should be

The grave old dame, while resting, not a few
 Remarks made she,— [beau
 And " *twig'd*" each girl that pass'd by with her
 Towards Tip-tree !

Joe King, though he was *fat*, he now was *thin*-
 Again of walking; [king
 And, with the *rest* who *rested*, soon, though *short*,
 Proceeded—*tall-King* !

But John and Mary to get on the Heath
 Seem'd so inclined,
 That the old pair, and many a *peasant*, soon
 Were left *be-hind* !

Some jolly “tars” were ’mong those in the rear,
 Who, being dry,
 The Totham “Compasses,” though pleased to see,
 Would not go *by* !

For Tiptree Races they’d been walking on
 With nimble feet;
 They wish’d, of course, to *see* the jockey-ship
 And all the *fleet* !

Mary and John, who both had soon begun
 Somewhat to lag,
 Now flying saw the *colours*, for the wind
 Let them not *flag* !

They reach'd the Heath—and there they found of
 Things quite alive all, [course,
 Though when poor John *arrived*, it was, alas!
 To him *a-rival*!

The scene at Tiptree on the twenty-fifth
 Please all sure must,
 For though you *May March* to it in *July*,
 'Tis quite *August*!

Much besides racing when at Tiptree our
 Attention seizes;
 Though all of us, as a matter of *course*, you know,
 The racing pleases!

Yes, e'er horse-racing every man's attention
 Much engrosses:
 So much the *race of men* delight to see
 A *race of horses*!

But though as a most pleasant thing horse-races
 All men may strike,
 They are, I'm told, not quite the sort of *matches*
 The ladies like!

At Tiptree Races, too, maids fair as Venus
 There are display'd,
 As you may see, when *girls* with *buoy*-ant hearts
 There *pro-men*-ade !

How strange it seems, when there such beauties
 That men should get [are,
 So oft *en-snared* (though *gin* it is sometimes)
 By a *bru-nette* !

Many there are, too, at old Tiptree Races
 Who do not fail
 To hoist their canvass (seaman-like) that they
 May have a *sale* !

Though many a show upon the Heath is seen,
 Are there not some
 Who seem as if it were to *show* themselves
 That they have come !

But though so various the *shows* that have
 At Tiptree been,
 That best of *shows*—a *show* of gratitude—
 How seldom seen !

Of booths for refreshment, too, upon the Heath
 There plenty are,
 For all, 'tis known, when they're at Tiptree *Races*,
 Must have good *fare*!

There few soft water like—to drinking “*hard*”
 Many incline ;
 And *ale* and *liquor* please them all so well,
 They seldom *whine*!

There damsels (beast-like, at their stall) the quality
 Beg you to try,
 And often men of *taste* some of “the best”
 Are led to buy!

In short, like *John Day* now the twenty-fifth
 (As says Tom Thumb)
 “A *Day* of fun and jollity” to all
 Has long become!

Now (to prepare) for all the high-*bred* horses
 'Twas time to *meet* ;
 And folks with *warm* anxiety were waiting
 To see a *heat*!

Alas ! how little sporting men's attention
 Tiptree engages !
 Why don't they send more horses—for there are
 “ *Plates* for all ages !”

At last, a “ *blood*” with scarcely any *flesh*
 Up they did lead :
 Another soon, not thorough-*bred*—a *baker's*—
 And broken-*kneed* !

At Tiptree Races better order they
 Ought to enforce ;
 Such the confusion, there were “ *Hair-breadth*
 Now on the *course* ! [escapes”

Though few around to go to Tiptree Races
 Have ever miss'd,
 None—not e'en *tailors*—of the hacks e'er got
 The Steward's *List* !

At Tiptree neither *jockeys* nor *de-riders*
 Are ever weigh'd ;
 But *Bets* with *Polly-cy*, and hit or *miss*,
 Are often *made* !

'Twas getting late—some thought there'd be no
 And did repine : [racing,
 On the *course* now, the *scene* would you had *seen*,
 How very *fine* !

The race, as there of horses were but two,
 Had been deferr'd ;
 'Twas well—at last, another was brought *forth*,
 Which made the *third* !

The murmurs ceased among the comp'ny then,
 Which had been great :
 The *measure* they had taken had made such
 A *number wait* !

Some thought this horse would from the other two
 Quite run away,
 And bets on it of *two to one*, *too*, they
 Were *egg'd to lay* !

The horses started—Gods ! at such a pace,
 But, near some *brakes*,
 One soon *broke* ground, when he was well
 To get the *stakes* ! [“ *chop'd*” on—

On them, when they *were off*, all eyes *were on*,
 They went so fast,
 And one that oft had been *behind before*
 Was *first at last* !

The winning horse, 'twas said, when near a *bank*,
 Received a *check* ;
 So 'twas a *feat* for him to get a-*head*,
 E'en by a *neck* !

Of course, the other two the heat they'd run,
 Had fail'd to gain :
 Yes,—they while running; it appear'd, had strain'd
 Each *nerve* in *vain* !

As oft the case is, but it was a *warm-ly*
 Contested *heat*,
 One *cut* his *hack* in such a way, 'twas plain
 That it was *beat* !

The horses (sure, for lateness ne'er will Tiptree
 Lose its renown)
 Did not come *up* the course until the sun
 Was going *down* !

To run again there were *three* horses, *too*,
 And it was plain,
 Those who'd been losers did not wish to prove
A loss a-gain!

'Twas a "dead" heat—so near together did
 The hacks arrive;
 But then "*dead*" heats the company e'er makes
 Much more *alive!*

Till the third heat the *baker's* thorough-bred
 Had somewhat shone,
 But then, from want of strength "in time of *need*,"
 He did *roll* down!

The racing o'er, 'twas well that more amusements
 Did then begin,
 For some so late *come out*, the horses they'd
 Not seen *come in!*

Play-ers, they now were *work*-ing hard—folks
 To be in time, [telling
 And many went with *breathless* haste to see
 The *Pant*-omime!

Others, con-*tent* beneath some *booth*, with friends
 Had jovial met,
 And were so *dry* they drank till morning *light*
 Their “*heavy wet!*”

Some said, when *spirit*-ed, they thought the
 Was but a bore,— [dram-a
 Yet they for *gin* had many a *dozen* times
 Run up a “score!”

Some on “the light fantastic toe” to tip it
 Were now beginning,—
 Where, like race-horses, many a damsel by
 A *neck* was winning!

Some, at the *Races*, for a *gallopâde*
 Inclined did feel;
 The drunken soldiers wish’d for a qua-*drille*,
 And not a *reel!*

And “’Till St. James’s,” the old saying tells us,
 “Is past and gone,
 “There may be ‘*hops*’*” (why, then, at Tiptree
 Should there be none!) [Races

* The 25th of July is St. James’s day, and there is an old saying which runs thus:—

“’Till St. James’s is past and gone,
 There may be *hops* or there may be none.”

Some minstrels should for many *a tune a-tone*,
 But we're not rash;
 They all at Tiptree, if they can, may change
 Their *notes* for *cash*!

Hoisters of *oysters*, too, there are at Tiptree,
 And it is well;
 But oft, 'tis said, they're much too *sel-fish* when
 Their *fish* they *sell*!

From Tiptree Races, all who've children's children
 Some trifle brings;
 But some for "fairings" oft give to *grand-chil-*
 Most *petty* things! [dren

Perhaps some think, ere this they do, that it
 Would be more pleasant
 If they'd a lack of grand-children to make
Gifts to at *present*!

Oft 'mong the beaux at Tiptree you may see
 (I understand)
 At leading by the *arm*, one who's not an
E-leg-ant hand!

Some now *bawl'd* out there was a *bat-tle*, and
 So it was found;
 But oft, at Tiptree Races, there's a "*mill*"
 Upon the *ground*!

There many a beau, with *ale*, sits with his lass—
Be-side her, pleased;
 For though, perhaps, at first he was *re-pulsed*
 He's her *ap-peased*!

Though oft at Tiptree there's confusion, it
 But few alarms;
 And 'tis but girls, not soldiers, that are seen
 To be "*in arms*!"

At Tiptree, *sharpers*, looking for the "*blunt*,"
 Are ever seen;
 Those "*blacks*" who're always watching for to
A wight that's green! [dupe

Stay not too late at Tiptree, but avoid
 Each wench and sot:
 The evils of it are *a-parent*, though
 Your servant's not!

Sure to all those who stay late on the Heath
 It a disgrace is;
 Then, at an early hour give your *fare-well*
 To Tiptree *Races*!

I now have done,—and if I, with my puns,
 'Too apt to skit am,
 You must excuse me when you're told I live
 So near to *Wit-ham*!

May the return of Tiptree Races long
 By all be greeted;
 And may the *soul* that would e'er injure them
 Still be de-*feat*-ed!

[THE END.]